

THE DYNAMIC POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS OF WOODROW WILSON

Sixth Floor of No. 42 Broadway, Where the Work Is Being Done for Candidate.

NO MYSTERY THERE

LOOK out for the dynamo and 'ware the live wire! The transforming station of Wilson & People is on the sixth floor of No. 42 Broadway! Kentucky and New Jersey colonels, put on rubber gloves if trying to handle anything at No. 42. Plutocrats, wear glass heels, and old time politicians, approach not without civic virtue insulation!

The five rooms in this station, where the current of irresistible public sentiment is received and sent on its way, are devoted to distributing high frequency remarks to the effect that Woodrow Wilson current is strong enough to shock anything into a cocked hat.

Now, this is not the place where the pulsing electricity is made which is to furnish the power for the campaign which is to send Woodrow Wilson to the White House. The power houses are scattered all over the country. The main feed wires lead into No. 42, the switchboard shows red and green, politicians splutter "Ingrate!"—which is a favorite word with that ilk—and the nation asks for more information.

Information surcharges the atmosphere at No. 42. There are more live wire distributors of information about that area than in any other acre in the United States. Let it be understood that there is not a press agent in sight. A publicity promoter would not be tolerated. Nothing is written there in praise of Governor Wilson—that is, hardly anything. The establishment is rather a gigantic station where there is the busiest switchboard in North America at work, in charge of operators who can gauge the strength of the popular sentiment "juice" and send it coursing through a constant system of political conduits.

High Frequency Boom.

Publicity promotion—there is none in the sense in which the raw, crass term is generally understood. It is noted that the electrical pulsations to the effect that Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is just the man to be President of this republic never lose in strength as they go striding through the wires which lead into every city, large and small, in the United States of America.

Nobody seemed to suspect how so an important industry distributing sentiment in favor of the candidacy of the Governor of New Jersey was likely to be until last January.

The one time president of Princeton had been inaugurated at Trenton. He said that he would do certain things and to



"HE COULD NOT FIND TIME TO ANSWER IT ALL! WHAT WAS HE TO DO?"

certain well established political institutions, and those things he did. Thereupon the world began to take notice and compared him with Thomas Jefferson, which is another way of saying that a man is a politician who uses words larger than some men can understand.

Then the people here and there began to take notice. The stove debating societies in the country hamlets grew to realize that there was a vivid personality in this man whom they called a "school-master." He acknowledged that he had taught and then proceeded to teach politicians in a way that was shocking to the traditions.

Large, warm words were glowing under the contact and hundreds of the followers of the ancient order over in New Jersey devoted themselves to the alternating current of their remarks to epithets. "Ingrate" sounded well. They gave the switch another twist and the sputter of "academic" was heard.

He Is Discovered.

It was Providence which was responsible fifty-three years ago for Woodrow Wilson. He was born in Virginia, the same State from which comes Thomas Fortune Ryan. He tried to practise law in Georgia and might have practised until he learned how to make a living

at it; then he drifted to Princeton University, where he learned practical politics. There is no better way to learn inside politics than in running a large institution of learning. The game is much like that of real politics, except that it is deeper, because the intellects of faculties are more acute and subtle. Needing some relaxation, Dr. Wilson went into a New Jersey campaign, and also was discovered by William F. McCombs, Jr. Mr. McCombs is a lawyer, and has sung about the cannon at Old Nassau many is the time. He had known Governor Wilson for fifteen years.

Here and there he caught the faint crackle in favor of nominating Dr. Wilson for President of the United States. He brought the lesser currents together and saw that there was something which responded to the political electrocroscope. He became busy. At first he took over only a few scattered wires from local generators of public opinion.

A young man with a round and smiling face and a capacity for work was engaged to look after the needs of those who wanted to know about the man in charge of the political destinies of New Jersey. The Governor was receiving scores of letters of inquiry about himself. His mail grew so that he could not



"MISS ALBERTA HILL HAS A VOICE WHICH RINGS LIKE SILVER!"

find time to answer it all. What was he to do? New Jersey had no one to help him in such a task and modesty ever forbears to flaunt itself. The more letters were answered, the more explanations of where Governor Wilson stood were received the more numerous became the inquiries. The opinion operator who had established himself in a tiny office in West Thirty-ninth street scarcely large

enough to give him stearage way around his desk found himself in an avalanche of press clippings and unanswered letters. He sent forth the Macedonian cry. He hired stenographers, he went to No. 42 Broadway and engaged what he thought was a large room on the seventh floor.

It was the middle of last summer that the little transforming station was opened

at No. 42 Broadway, and ever since it has been increasing in extent. There are now five large rooms. Some fifteen political experts, trained journalists, one of the fairest exponents of the suffragist cause unofficially in the known world, and a very young women stenographers and clerks are employed. On the door of the establishment is the legend that this is the "Wilson Headquarters," and the constant rattle of the typewriters, the click of keys and the rustle of press clipping shows that within much toil and moil may be found without searching.

Two thousand clippings come into the offices in the course of an average day. Two agencies have unlimited orders, and as there are about eighty thousand papers of one kind or another in the United States there is no dearth of material. Some organs ornate with demands that Dr. Wilson be the next President of the United States, a position which it is freely predicted he cannot help but attain by the endeavors of the democratic party. The sparks which come from these are deftly caught in receivers; the current that speeds from larger exponents of public opinion is conserved in storage batteries. It was the original intention to save all these press clippings, but as the other tenants in the great office building objected to moving out to make room for them, the project was abandoned. Now only the real tingling ones are selected; the others go into junk heaps and the furnace.

Making Press Sheets.

Under the present régime the clippings are handled by conscientious and loyal political electricians, who know just how to manage a live wire. They curl the best things and pass them up, and soon the selected matter is speeding all over the country.

There is originality in this method, although the bureau itself originates little. It is the purpose of this new kind of publicity to collect the sentiment of the South, as reflected in the newspapers, and transmit it for the edification of New England. Here the work of an exchange editor is carried forward on a gigantic scale. Many salient and eloquent paragraphs indorsing Dr. Wilson are thus saved from the waters of oblivion.

From all parts of the country come inquiries to the Chief Executive of New Jersey that he define his position on the tariff and the banking laws and such

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MODERN LIFE HARD ON THE STOMACH

Modern reforms have benefited nearly every worker except the Stomach. Its tasks have rather been made harder by our hurried meals, unseasonable eating, over-tempting sweets.

Stomachs not naturally strong become deranged and require aid to regain their rightful state.

STOMALIX

is a Stomach Remedy compounded to meet modern needs.

By its use, without quitting the daily work or adopting an irksome diet, the patient supplies just the required aid and his digestive powers are brought back to vigor.

Its discovery is due to Dr. Ramon Saliz de Carlos, an eminent European physician and pharmacist. It is taken as a pleasant beverage after meals, a teaspoonful in a half glass of water.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

E. FODGERA & CO. (Agents U. S.) 100 Beekman St., New York.

AMIALE ARCHERY AT FOLLY AS IT FLIES

THE business or profession of typewriting is almost completely in the hands of women, thousands of whom in New York alone find in it a means of livelihood, while there are not a few to whom it has yielded a generous competence. Nevertheless there is still room within the crowded ranks of this profession for many more, and an imperative demand for educated young women who know how to spell and are conversant with the affairs of the day. I believe that the pioneer of this great industry still maintains an office in Boston. It must be nearly fifty years ago that Miss Susan Kiddier, a member of an excellent New England family and possessed of clear vision, enterprise and integrity, opened an office for the copying of law papers, letters and other public and private documents. This was long before the age of typewriting, and at first she did all her work by hand, though it was not long before her business attained such proportions that she was obliged to hire assistants. At this remote time, even in progressive and intellectual Boston, whose womenkind considered themselves far in advance of the rest of the American sisterhood, it was an unheard of thing for one of her sex to go into business on her own account.

THE once lucrative profession of "bunco" seems to have fallen on evil days, for we seldom hear of brilliant "coups" of the kind that used to ring through the town from time to time when "Hungry Joe," "Kid" Miller and other expert artists were in the full possession of their powers. The fact is that the world was less sophisticated then and no less busy. Nowadays people prefer to be swindled by such rapid-fire schemes as wire tapping and "get-rich-quick" investments. Time was, however, when strangers had time to sit down on a park bench to discuss their own poetry with the banker's nephew; time to "see the town" in any chance company that offered itself; time to pause in a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge for a chat with the oily tongued "trustee" and to accompany him to the office, where the prize in the Havana lottery awaited him. The few seedily "hand shakers" who still remain in the town love to hark back to the golden age of a quarter of a century or more ago, and perhaps to recall the famous buncoing of Oscar Wilde during his stay in this city. "Hungry Joe," who did this neat trick, was a man of distinct literary tastes and well known among the booksellers as a discriminating buyer of literature. He won the confidence of the brilliant Irishman by introducing himself as a nephew of "Tony" Drexler, the Philadelphia banker, from which opening he launched forth in a eulogy of Wilde's poems, all of which he apparently knew by heart. The two seated themselves on a bench in Madison Square and it was not long before the conversation grew so warm that the con-

versation drifted from the nine muses to the goddess of chance, and thence to a novel and diverting game at which one could find mental relaxation and pecuniary profit. Thus famously chatting, the



famous confidence man led his new friend to a house at the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, where they were fortunate enough to find the game in progress under the direction of a gentleman of dignified appearance, urbane manner, snow white whiskers and cold, steel blue eyes. An hour later Oscar Wilde darted from the house with his long hair flying in the wind and tore down Twenty-third street to his bank to stop the payment of his check, while almost at the same moment his appreciative literary friend slipped quietly out of another door and disappeared toward the north with his share of the few hundred dollars in cash that the Irish bard had had on his person at the moment of their meeting.

MRS. F. A. BURRELLE, who died a few weeks ago and whose funeral was delayed by a mysterious telephone message hinting at foul play, is the last victim of one of New York's "unlucky houses." This house, in West Nineteenth street, was built by General John C. Frémont, one of the least lucky men in American politics. It was a wide English basement dwelling, standing between two vacant lots and regarded in its time as one of the best built houses in the city. After the house had passed out of General Frémont's hands a woman hanged herself from one of its upper staircases and her ghost was supposed to haunt the place ever since. About forty years ago it was sold to a well to do business man, but before he could move in with his family he had lost his connection with the firm of which he had been the head. He rented it, but his tenants never stayed long, and few of them were able to pay their rent. Years ago one of these tenants described her

and I well remember her story of a mysterious and invisible shape that brushed by her one evening as she stood on the landing and sent the little dog in her arms into a fit of terror. The next owner of the property was Dr. May, whose family were pursued by ill luck for many years. The sad story of Dr. May's daughter, Mrs. William C. Whitney, who died after prolonged sufferings, is still fresh in the public memory. Afterward the house was the scene of a terrible tragedy, for it was there that a woman well known in New York society killed herself and her little children. The Burrelles used the lower floors of the house as the offices of their clipping bureau and lived in the rooms above. I called upon them there once, and Mrs. Burrelle, who apparently knew nothing of its reputation, told me that they liked the house, but had been much annoyed by mysterious sounds, and more than once had distinctly heard some one whom they were unable to see tramping up and down the great winding staircases. Mr. Burrelle died at sea and his wife followed him a few years later. The house, which has since made way for a loft building, is well remembered by old New York residents.

WHEN Prince Arthur was here in 1888 he was entertained not only in Washington and New York, but also in Brooklyn—a fact that is all the more extraordinary when we consider that that



was long before the days of the bridge, and the royal visitor was obliged to make the trip in a carriage across the ferry. I remember that Joe Howard, at that time one of the leading journalistic lights of the sister city, wrote a humorous description of his entertainment at the hands of prominent Brooklynites, in which he said "A. A. Low (the father of Seth Low) told him how much money he was worth and Sam McLean (the Beau Brummel of that day) showed him the new fancy lining to his vest." Prince Arthur was, I believe, the only one of our royal guests who ever visited Brooklyn, but the young Prince who afterward reigned as King William

IV. proved himself an even more intrepid explorer of Long Island, for he visited Elmhurst, where he was a guest in the quaint old fashioned house that still stands, and is the residence of Mr. O. H. Perry, at one time the art editor of Scribner's Magazine. Prince Henry of Prussia did not get as far as Elmhurst, but he spent an evening at the Lamb's Club, where he met Peter F. Dalley, John T. Kelly and other members of the select colony which has given the Long Island town its modern fame.

It is related at the Lamb's Club that Wilton Lackaye, who has a nimble wit of his own, tried to induce David Warfield to appear at one of the gambols in his old time Jew specialty. Warfield refused, saying, "For a great many years I have devoted myself to the art of making people cry and I don't care to go back to the trade of merely making them laugh." Lackaye snuffed contemptuously. "Make them cry! Any onion can do that, but show me a vegetable that can make you laugh."

FERDINAND WARD, whose extraordinary Wall street career ended in awful disaster and landed him behind prison bars, is still hovering about the edge of the stock market and speculating in a small way. He can never "come back," for he has lost the splendid nerve that carried him through so many perilous financial adventures. That he retained this nerve until the very end of his active career in Wall street is illustrated by the following anecdote related by Ward himself to another financier, who was his fellow-prisoner in Ludlow street and from whose lips I heard it. One day the cashier of a New England bank entered Ward's office and asked permission to invest a little money in one of his "blind pools." The financier reluctantly consented to accept the



SAM McLEAN SHOWED THE PRINCE HIS NEW FANCY LINING.

recalled his previous visit, remarked, "I believe there's a little money to your credit here," and proceeded to open a ledger and make rapid calculations on a pad. At this moment he was almost



bankrupt, but while he scribbled and turned the big pages he studied his customer's face and determined to risk what he had in hand in the hope of gaining more. Then he turned to his bookkeeper and said:—"Mr. Jones, will you make a check to this gentleman for \$81,257.65?" Then he resumed his own work as if he had completely dismissed this small transaction from his mind. "Don't you think," said the stranger, "that if I left this money here a little longer it would double again?" "By no means," said Ward decisively. "You've been fairly lucky and I advise you to be contented. Besides, I'm devoting all my time now to a very big deal that will pay two hundred per cent at least, and I simply cannot bother with any more small accounts." A week later the stranger returned in company with half a dozen up country financiers of his own calibre, and they literally forced upon the unwilling banker checks whose value reached half a million dollars—that is to say, if we include the one he had drawn himself the week before and which now bore the certification of the bankrupt Marine Bank. Ten days later the bubble burst.

THE most picturesque royal visitor who was ever entertained in New York was the late King David Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, who had a right merry time here as the guest of the City Fathers. At this time Barnum's Hippodrome was one of the great sights of New York, and the wily old showman actually induced His Majesty to enter his carriage and drive around the ring while the spectators, led by the corps of iron handed ushers and employees, made the rafters ring with applause.

Had to Have Five Rooms and a Corps of Secretaries to Answer Letters.

MONEY COMES IN

matters. They go to Trenton and every noon train from there brings to New York a tall, dark person carrying a heavy valise laden with letters. He dumps them upon a table at No. 42. So many are the missives received at Trenton that it is cheaper to send them to New York by train than to commit them to the mail. It would be a week of idleness for some miscreant would waylay the bearer of the precious bag, for No. 42 might have to shut up shop.

To all who would know where the Governor stands speeches covering those points are despatched with all speed. With them will often go certain pamphlets of a more positive nature, recounting how the Governor has promised certain things and how he has kept those pledges to the letter. If a plea comes from California for a photograph into an envelope one goes, and also there are long pasteboard rolls in which Wilson lithographs are placed for posting in clubs where there has been found to be a leaning toward the cause of the people as interpreted by the Governor of New Jersey. Reprints of magazine articles, clippings from newspapers reproduced in fac-simile and literature of various kinds are constantly disseminated in this way. The incoming mail is enormous; the outgoing would stagger ten longshoremen with bale hooks.

'Tis Fine to Toss There.

The lists and the despatching of the mail are under the direction of Miss Alberta Hill, a young woman from Australia, who is fair to see and a follower of suffrage, although at present her views on the subject of the female vote are subordinated to the cause of old Nassau. She has a voice which rings like silver. All day long she keeps the batteries of typewriting machines served, and her presence in that atmosphere fills all with the thought that it is sweet to labor and that politics is joy.

It is noted that no large quantities of a publication called Harper's Weekly are being clipped and that the North American Review is seldom seen. Since the parting of the ways of Colonel Harvey, the perennial editor of those publications, and Dr. Wilson it seems as though there was never any great demand for those sterling publications. The frank statement of Dr. Wilson that he thought the influence of Colonel Harvey did him more harm than good on account of the Colonel's Wall street connections has brought in a deluge of clippings approving the course of the Governor in the matter. At the present time, however, the Courier-Journal, edited by the engaging Colonel Watterson, is read at No. 42, although not quoted in the fluttering press sheets.

Mystery the managers of the Wilson headquarters say there is none concerning the source of the moneys with which the bureau is run. Careful account is kept of all sums received, and none is taken from the evil corporations. Citizens from all over the country are sending in small amounts and some large ones. All these contributions may be found duly entered on the books, according to the official statement.

Matters go swiftly now in the Wilson headquarters, the currents of public opinion are heavy loads upon the wires, and the transformers are in excellent working order, and busier and busier grows No. 42 Broadway.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Famous Expert Tells

How Fat May Be Removed Rapidly and Safely in Summer by a Simple Home Remedy Without Causing Wrinkles, Disturbing the Diet or Necessity for Exercise.

"Fat is nothing but unused energy," says a prominent physician, and the man or woman who is burdened with it can easily get rid of it if they wish. All they need is 14 ounce of Marmola, 14 ounce of Fluid Extract Cascaro Aromatic and 34 ounces of Peppermint Water; all of which they can get at any good drug store for a few cents. Then let them take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime until they are down to the weight they want to be.

This simple home recipe is far and away better than any or all of the patent or secret medicines, for it reduces the fat safely and harmlessly, even during the hottest weather. The ingredients are, in fact, beneficial to the system, having both tonic and purifying qualities, and so help rather than distress the stomach. The remedy does not cause wrinkles, for it reduces one gradually and naturally, preserving a good outline, and best of all, needs neither physical exercise to help it do the work nor does it require any change in diet—one can get results and still take things easy—eating meanwhile just what, when and how he or she pleases. Be sure and get the Marmola in a sealed package, so that you get Marmola and not a substitute.

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